Bendemeer's Stream
The Mountains Of Mourne

There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
Now the roses soon withered that hung o'er the wave.

And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;
But some blossoms were gathered while freshly they shone,
And a dew was distilled from the flowers that long;
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,
To sit mid the roses and hear the bird's song.

That bower and its music I never forget,
Thus memory draws from delight 'ere it gets.
But oft when alone in the bloom of the year, I think, "Is the nightingale dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year. Thus dear to my soul as 'twas singing there yet? Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?"